HARRIS COMICS

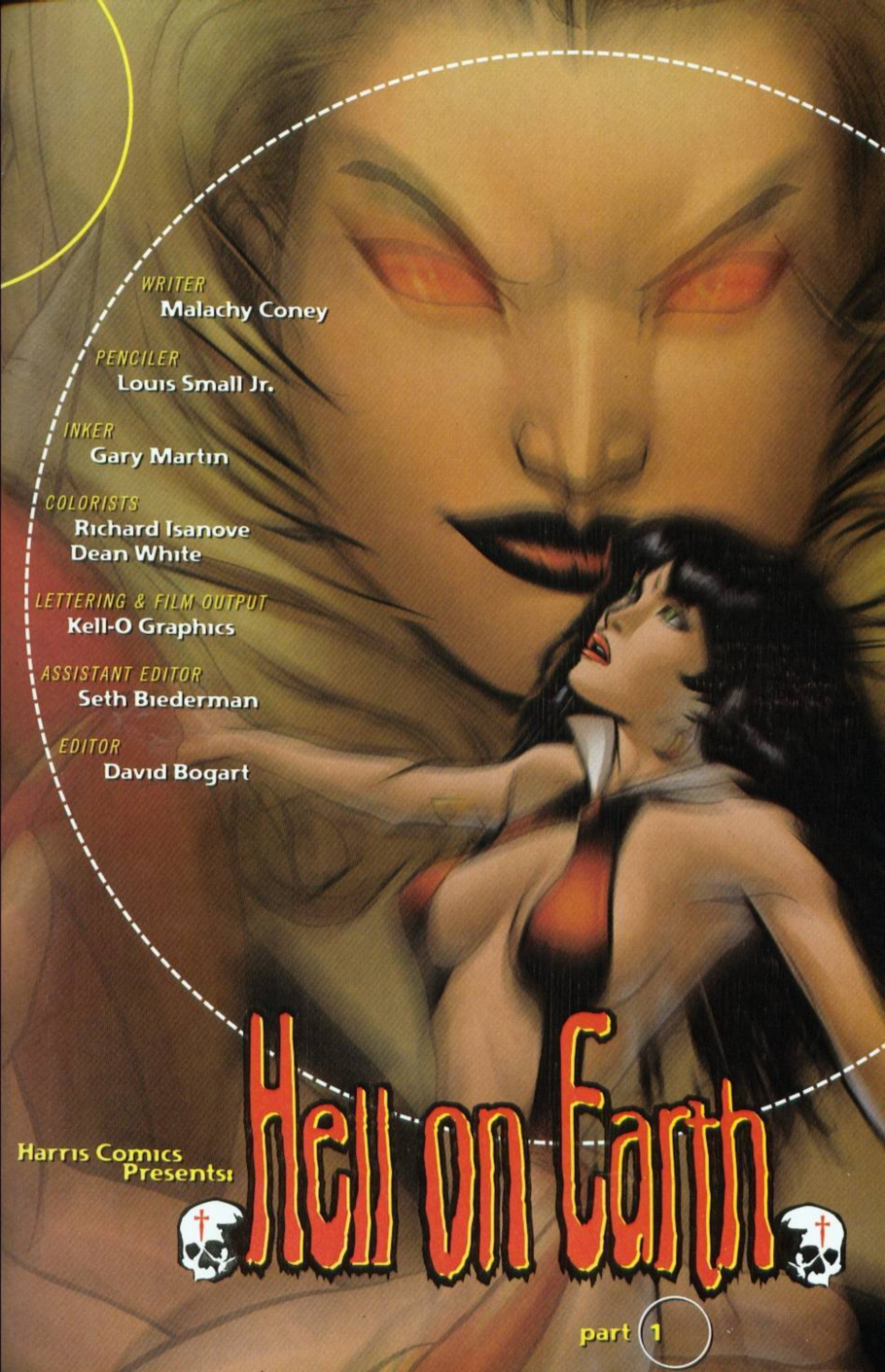
HELL ON EARTH

1 OF 3

MONTHLY 10

VAMPIRELLA®

✝ Coney Small jr Martin ✝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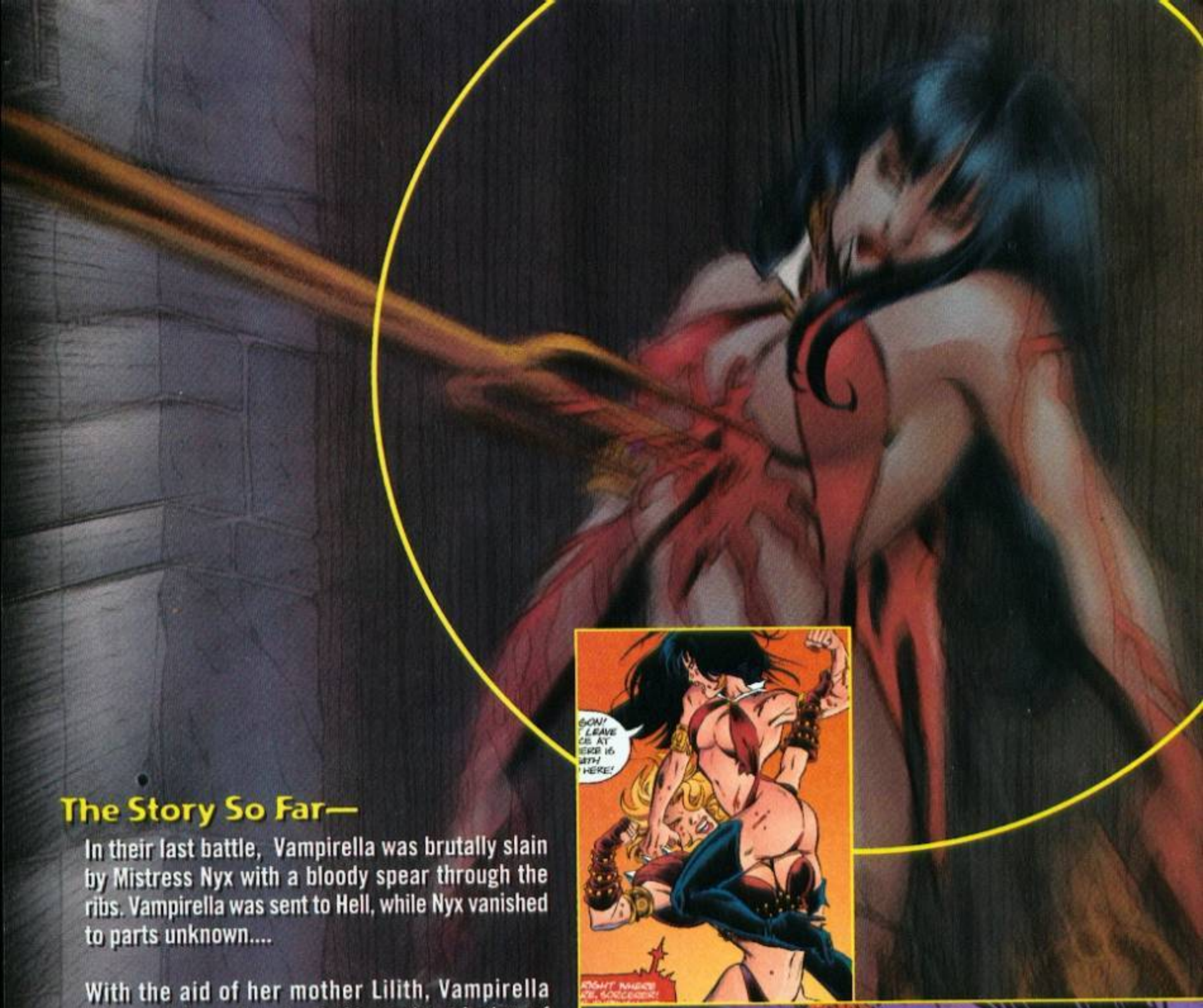
Hell on Earth
part 1



The Story So Far—

In their last battle, Vampirella was brutally slain by Mistress Nyx with a bloody spear through the ribs. Vampirella was sent to Hell, while Nyx vanished to parts unknown....

With the aid of her mother Lilith, Vampirella returned from the dead. Given the mission of eradicating the vampire scourge from the Earth, Vampirella's spent the last year doing just that. Vampi's holy war has been aided by her teenage sidekick Dixie, and a mysterious order of militant nuns.

Recently in an alliance with Shi, Vampirella rescued the infant Rebecca Esposito from the clutches of the evil Black Bishop. This infant was needed by the forces of darkness to unleash a Vampire Apocalypse which would have run humanity into extinction. Vampirella entrusted the White Bishop with the care of the infant child, thinking the world was now safe from the Apocalypse forever.

Enter Mistress Nyx! Using her immeasurable powers of Chaos, Nyx has stolen the baby from the White Bishop. She now schemes to use the child and bring about a true

Hell on Earth

"There's no blood on this world, Vampirella. Not anymore. Except in people's veins."
-Adam Van Helsing, Drakulon

NEVER IN DRAKULON'S HISTORY HAS SUCH A MIGRATION TAKEN PLACE.

THEY MADE THEIR WAY ACROSS THE HUNGRY PLANET TO THE SACRED MOUNT GOLGOTHA, THE HILL OF SKULLS.

FROM THE BARREN PLAINS OF DESECRATION PAST THE VERY SPOT, NOW VENERATED, WHERE ADAM VAN HELSING MADE HIS BLOODY STAND.

THE PILGRIMS MAKE THEIR WAY TO MOUNT GOLGOTHA, SEEKING WHAT THEY HAVE NOT TASTED FOR SO LONG.

HOPE AND BLOOD.

VAMPIRES OF DRAKULON, YOUR HOUR IS AT HAND!

THE STYX HAS ONCE MORE RUN DRY! YOUR MOTHER LILITH IS GONE.

EACH DAY YOU CRY "MOTHER LILITH, WHY DID YOU FORSAKE US?"

FOR YOU HAVE BEEN FORSAKEN AND YOU SUFFER AS ONLY THE LOST CAN!

YOU ARE LOST NO MORE!

GET OFF YOUR KNEES AND TAKE WHAT WILL MAKE YOU STRONG!

I BRING DELIVERANCE FROM THE ***RED THIRST!***

THERE'S A WORLD OF FRESH BLOOD FOR THE TAKING! A WORLD WHERE BLOOD IS PLENTIFUL, SQUANDERED EVERY DAY BY BEINGS WHOSE HEARTS ARE NOT FIT TO PUMP IT!

BEHOLD, THE CHILD SAVIOUR OF DRAKULON!

THE INFANT IS THE WAY TO YOUR NEW WORLD!

I HAVE COME TO TAKE YOU THERE!

I PROMISE YOU SALVATION!

I PROMISE YOU **RIVERS OF BLOOD!**

THE NIGHT WILL BE YOURS *FOREVER*, IF YOU FOLLOW *MY* LEAD!

DRAKULON WILL LIVE AGAIN!

NYX!
NYX!
NYX!
NYX!
NYX!
NYX!
NYX!
NYX!
NYX!
NYX!
NYX!
NYX!

...SISTER AGNES, THE *WICKERMAN* WAS NEVER INTENDED FOR TRAINING PURPOSES.

VAMPIRELLA INSISTED...

BIO-ORGANICALLY ENGINEERED, WITH LIMITED SELF AWARENESS, IT SHOULD PROVE FORMIDABLE. SHE DEMANDED TO TRY IT OUT.

GROWN FROM A SPLINTER OF THE ORIGINAL CROSS, IT IS AS PERFECT AS IT IS DEADLY. ITS VERY TOUCH IS ENOUGH TO KILL A VAMPIRE INSTANTLY.

DO YOU KNOW THE ODDS AGAINST HER SURVIVAL?

VAMPIRELLA WORKS THINGS OUT HER OWN WAY.

"SHE MAKES HER OWN ODDS."

NNNNNGHH!

WICKERMAN? MORE LIKE WICKER BASKET!

C'MON, MAKE ME SWEAT!

THERE'S ALWAYS A TWIST IN THE TAIL WITH YOU BIG STRONG SILENT TYPES!

GUUHHHHHHT!

AT LEAST YOU'VE GOT A BIT OF BACKBONE.

SKEEEETSSSSSSSH!

BUT YOU FALL FLAT ON YOUR FACE WHEN YOU MEET A WOMAN STRONG ENOUGH TO LOOK AFTER HERSELF.

IS THAT A THORNY HARPOON YOU'VE GOT, OR ARE YOU JUST GLAD TO SEE ME?
WHO WOULDN'T BE? IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL WORLD! AND ALL THE BETTER FOR HAVING BOTH OF US IN IT.
NO!
NO!!

IT'S NOT POSSIBLE. THE WICKER MAN WAS CREATED TO TAKE ON AND VANQUISH A VAMPIRE ARMY.

VAMPIRELLA, YOU'RE BLEEDING...

THE BLESSED WOOD FROM THE WICKERMAN... IT SHOULD PROVE DEADLY TO VAMPIRES!

NOT TO THIS VAMPIRE, SISTER AGNES. I'VE HAD BIGGER SCRATCHES.

OH, MY DEAR. IT IS NIGHTS LIKE THIS THAT I AM ALMOST REMINDED OF MY OWN SWEET YOUTH. SUCH DAYS, SUCH GLORIOUS DAYS.

CAN YOU IMAGINE A TIME WHEN YOU COULD ASK THOUSANDS OF VIRGIN TROOPS TO MARCH SLOWLY ACROSS A MUDDY FIELD TOWARD HEAVY ENEMY FIRE. OH, THE BLISSFUL INNOCENCE OF THOSE DAYS. GONE FOREVER.

BUT THEN AGAIN, PERHAPS NOT. I AM AWARE OF THE INFINITE POSSIBILITIES THE FUTURE OFFERS. NEVER UNDERESTIMATE EVEN THE MOST CIVILIZED MAN'S CAPACITY FOR ATROCITY.

WHEN I WAS ALIVE I TOO WAS POSSESSED OF A LOOSELY DEFINED MORAL CODE, GOD AND COUNTRY AND ALL THAT.

UNABLE TO DIE I SLUMPED QUITE QUICKLY INTO THE LEPROUS DISPOSITION THAT STANDS BEFORE YOU.

I AM QUITE LITERALLY ROTTEN TO THE CORE. AND WOULD NOT HAVE IT ANY OTHER WAY.

AH, I AM BUT FORTUNE'S FOOL. ENOUGH ABOUT ME, WHAT ABOUT YOU? YOU SIT THERE SAYING NOTHING WHILE I BEAR MY SOUL TO YOU.

HAVE YOU NOTHING TO ADD? WHAT'S THE MATTER?

CAT GOT YOUR TONGUE?

SAY NOTHING THEN, MY DEAR. MAINTAIN YOUR FEMININE MYSTIQUE. WHAT VAIN AND SILLY CREATURES WOMEN ARE.

PERHAPS THAT'S WHY I LOVE YOU SO.

I HAVE KNOWN SO MANY PRETTY FRAULEINS IN MY TIME. ALL OF WHOM I'VE TREATED ABOMINABLY. ONE IN PARTICULAR SPRINGS TO MIND.

I TREATED HER HARSHLY. SUCH WERE THE REWARDS FOR HER AFFECTED COYNESS. IN MY BLACK HEART OF HEARTS I KNOW SHE LOVED MY HARSH TREATMENT.

SHE AND I WILL HAVE OUR TIME TOGETHER AGAIN.

SOONER THAN SHE THINKS...

"VAMPIRELLA, IT'S SO DARK IN HERE."

IT'S THE APOCALYPSE. THE *VAMPIRE APOCALYSPE.*

IT'S LIKE *HALLOWEEN* IN HELL.

I KNOW YOU'RE HERE SOMEWHERE, VAMPIRELLA. I ONLY HAVE TO FOLLOW THE TRAIL OF INNOCENT BLOOD.

ALL THESE PEOPLE... DEAD?

THEY'RE NOT DEAD, THEY'RE ONLY SLEEPING. LIKE YOU ARE, DIXIE.

ONLY JOKING. THEY'RE DEAD ALL RIGHT. DEAD AS DISCO.

DEAD AS GOD.

THE APOCALYPSE, IT CAME TO BE, DIDN'T IT? HOW? WHY? WHAT DID WE DO WRONG?

IT WAS ME. IT WAS ALL MY FAULT. I DOOMED THIS WORLD. BECAUSE OF MY WEAKNESS.

NO, THAT CAN'T BE TRUE! NO ONE TRIED HARDER THAN YOU TO STOP THE APOCALYPSE. NO ONE. I WON'T ACCEPT THAT!

OH, DIXIE, OPEN YOUR EYES. EVERYTHING YOU SEE HAPPENING ABOUT YOU IS TAKING PLACE BECAUSE I COULD NOT TAKE THE LIFE OF ONE INNOCENT CHILD.

BILLIONS WILL DIE SCREAMING. CURSING MY NAME.

NO! IT WASN'T MEANT TO BE THIS WAY!

SOMETHING IS WRONG!

I CHANGED MY MIND. I TRIED TO MAKE UP FOR IT, BUT I WAS TOO LATE. I DID TOO LITTLE TOO LATE.

INNOCENCE BE DAMNED AND SO AM I.

NOOOOOOOO!!

NOOOOOOO!

EASY, DIXIE. IT WAS ONLY A DREAM.

...IT WAS SO AWFUL. I DREAMED VAMPIRES HAD DRAGGED US ALL INTO HELL!

AND YOU BLAMED YOURSELF, BECAUSE YOU DIDN'T MURDER THAT LITTLE GIRL.

SSSH, IT'S OKAY. YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THAT NOW...

IT'S NOT TOO LATE. WE COULD DO IT TOGETHER. HELP ME SAVE THE WORLD, DIXIE.

FOR ALL HUMANITY, DO WHAT I CAN'T BRING MYSELF TO DO.

HOW SHOULD IT PROFIT A VAMPIRE, IF SHE SHOULD SAVE THE WORLD, BUT LOSE HER SOUL?

...MORE BAD DREAMS OF THE FUTURE.

WEEOOO WEEOOO WEEOOO WEEOOO WEEOOO WEEOOO

...BUT NO REST FOR THE WICKED!

WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON?

YOU LOOK LIKE HELL YOURSELF.

BAD DREAMS.

SOMETHING GOT THROUGH THE PERIMETER FENCE AND TRIGGERED THE ALARM!

THAT WINDOW WAS CONSCRATED TO SAINT WILFRED IN 1888.

SMASHED BY PANTHA IN 1998.

THAT NECKLACE... THE WOMAN WHO'S BEEN WATCHING ME HAD THE SAME ONE!

IT IS YOU, ISN'T IT, PANTHA? NO NEED TO BE SHY--YOU'RE AMONG FRIENDS.

MOTHER OF MERCY!

I FEAR THERE IS NO MERCY TO BE FOUND HERE, SISTER.

NOT AT ANY PRICE!

QUITE AN ENTRANCE, WHY NOT USE THE DOORBELL?

I NEEDED TO GET YOUR ATTENTION.

SO YOU DESTROYED A PRICELESS RELIGIOUS ICON. INSTEAD?

YOU'VE MADE YOUR DRAMATIC ENTRANCE. WHAT'S SO IMPORTANT?

THAT WILL CAUSE THE DEATH OF EVERY HUMAN ON EARTH.

I TOOK MERCY ON AN INNOCENT CHILD. I WOULD NOT UNDO THAT.

YOU HAVE DOOMED THIS WORLD. WHEN THE FATE OF A WORLD HUNG IN THE BALANCE, YOU HESITATED.

THAT MERCY DOOMED ALL OF MANKIND TO A BLOODY DEATH.

THAT IS THE QUALITY OF VAMPIRELLA'S MERCY.

AS I SAID, SISTER. THERE IS NO MERCY TO BE FOUND HERE. AT ANY PRICE.

IF KILLING THE CHILD WAS SO IMPORTANT, WHY HAVEN'T YOU DONE SOMETHING ABOUT IT? OR ARE YOU HIDING SOMETHING FROM US?

MY REASONS ARE MY OWN. I KEEP MY OWN COUNCIL.

WHAT CRAP! LIKE WE'LL TAKE YOUR WORD--

DIXIE HAS A POINT. WE DON'T HAVE ANY REAL REASON TO TRUST YOU.

I DON'T EVEN KNOW FOR SURE WHO YOU ARE?

WHO AM I? THAT'S A TALE I HAVE NOT TOLD IN A VERY, VERY LONG TIME.

PERHAPS IT SHOULD BE HEARD ONE LAST TIME, BEFORE THE END...

I REMEMBER THE SUNSETS IN MY HOMELAND AS IF I TROD EGYPT'S SANDS ONLY YESTERDAY. MEMORY IS A CRUEL BURDEN.

I HAVEN'T WALKED THERE IN A MILLENNIA. MY HEART CANNOT BEAR THAT PAIN, WHILE MY SOUL IS STILL ROOTED WITH SIN.

I SLAUGHTERED THEM. MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN -- I TORE THEM LIMB FROM LIMB.

MY NAME WAS SEKHMET. AS HIGH PRIESTESS OF RA, THE SUN GOD, I WAS RESPECTED AND FEARED, KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE LAND FOR MY FIERCE DEVOTION.

AND FOR MY ARROGANCE AND PRIDE.

IN THE GOOD TIMES, THE PEOPLE WORSHIPPED RA. THOSE WERE GLORIOUS DAYS.

YET A GREAT DARKNESS OF FAMINE AND DROUGHT SWEPT THE LAND, AND THEIR FAITH WITHERED.

STOP THIS BLASPHEMY! IN THE NAME OF RA! RETURN HOME AND BEG FOR FORGIVENESS!

MANY WORSHIPPED ME AS A MINOR DEITY, FOR RA HAD BLESSED ME WITH A SPECIAL GIFT. I SHOWED THEM WHAT EVEN A MINOR GOD WAS CAPABLE OF.

RENOWNED FOR MY FEROCITY I COULD DO NO LESS.

I TOLD MYSELF WHAT I DID WAS IN THE NAME OF RA. IN TRUTH I MERELY AWOKE TO MY OWN SAVAGE NATURE. A NATURE HUNGRY ENOUGH TO DEVOUR A PEOPLE.

MY OWN CHILD, MY BELOVED TSUNMA TRIED TO STOP THE SLAUGHTER, AND SOUGHT HIS MOTHER'S SOUL INSIDE THE BEAST.

I STRUCK HIM DOWN, I DEVOURED MY ONLY CHILD.

FOR THOSE TERRIBLE SINS, I WAS CONDEMNED TO FOREVER WALK THE WORLD, NEVER TO KNOW HOME OR PEACE.

SUCH WAS THE JUDGMENT OF RA, FOR GOOD OR ILL.

SO YOU SEE...

...I KNOW MUCH ABOUT MURDERING CHILDREN.

WHY HAVE YOU COME TO US? WHY NOW?

...HOPE.

LET ME HELP YOU STOP THE APOCALYPSE. EVEN NOW IT TAKES SHAPE IN NEW YORK.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

EVEN NOW, RA STILL WHISPERS TO ME.

THE FOLLOWERS OF CHAOS HAVE ERECTED A DEVICE...

YOUR REFUSAL TO TAKE THE LIFE OF THE CHILD DESPITE THE COST, STIRRED SOMETHING INSIDE ME. SOMETHING I HAVE NOT FELT FOR MILLENNIA...

"...UNDER THE PRETENSE OF FILMING A MOVIE, THEY HAVE BUILT A GATEWAY TO YOUR HOMEWORLD."

THE CHILD IS THE OPENER. HER POWER WILL BE USED TO CREATE A PORTAL AND THE VAMPIRE HORDES WILL FLOOD THIS WORLD. THIS IS THE PROMISE OF CHAOS."

THE SISTERHOOD IS NOT READY FOR A CONFRONTATION. WE ARE FAR SHORT OF MAXIMUM CAPABILITY.

YOU HEARD PANTHA--WE CAN'T WIAT.

IF THAT CONSTRUCT BECOMES FULLY FUNCTIONAL, TIMES SQUARE WILL BE GROUND ZERO FOR THE BIGGEST BLOODBATH IN HUMANITY'S BLOODY HISTORY.

IF WE CAN TAKE OUT THIS THING, IT'S ALL OVER.

WHHHOOOEEEE!

WAY TO GO!

BITCHIN! RUBBER NUNS ON ROPES!

I'VE DIED AND GONE TO HEAVEN!

THEY THINK WE'RE PART OF THE SHOW!

THEY'RE ALSO DEAD UNLESS WE CAN TAKE OUT THAT STRUCTURE!

CK

AAAAAAIIIIEEEEEEEE

FUJI FILM

PEPSI

KODA

NOOOOOOOOO!

SUN

SUN

AAAAGHMOTHER OF MERCY.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THEM? WE'VE GOT TO HELP THEM!

HOW? WE DON'T KNOW WHAT'S HURTING THEM!

HE DOES...

GUBEN ABEND, FRAULEINS.

LEVI'S

VON KREIST! HOW ON EARTH--?!

OLTA

maxell

CK

A PSIONIC RESONATOR. IT TWISTS THE POSITIVE ENERGY THE SISTERHOOD GENERATE AND RETURNS IT, IN ALL ITS CORRUPT AND PERVERSE BEAUTY.

THE PAIN IT CAUSES CAN BE QUITE BREATHTAKING.

I MEANT HOW MANY TIMES DO WE HAVE TO KILL YOU?

NOT A SECOND TIME, I SHOULD HOPE.

YOU SHOULD PROSTRATE YOURSELF BEFORE ME, FOR THE GIFT I BRING YOU.

FAT €%#@ING CHANCE. WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU ON?

HELL IS EXACTLY WHAT I AM ON. *HELL ON EARTH!*

THE APOCALYPSE SO NEARLY AVERTED IS BACK ON TRACK. WITH ALL THE SWIFT CERTAINTY OF A WELL AIMED BULLET!

WAR IS COMING AND I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN SAVE YOU!

HOW'S THAT FOR IRONY?

NEXT ROAD TO HELL

Hell on Earth #1

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